

## Eyes Wide Shut by innersanctuaries

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**Summary:**

Midnight found Richie walking through the woods, eyes closed. He stepped carefully, letting his ears make up for the darkness. There were few things he loved more than this, the silence going from nothingness to somethingness. Noises sharpened tenfold, the crunching of his shoes on the gravel turning into crashing waves, thunder booming overhead.

# Eyes Wide Shut

## Author's Note:

Jesus it's been like eighty years since I wrote this, I just forgot to post it. Anyway, have new content!

Inspo song is Now Three by Vienna Teng.

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It had become routine for him, blindly stepping through the woods whenever he couldn't sleep. He'd only had Stan cart him to the hospital for a broken wrist one time. Most would think he'd stop going after that, but there were some things that nothing could stop him from doing.

There were no birds singing at this time, just crickets chirping. At the muddy *squish* that rang out as he walked, he peeked one eye open and found himself at a lake. Grimacing, he slogged over to a nearby log and plopped down, shutting his eyes once more. The sticky summer night brought blinking fireflies decorating the darkness, tiny lights shining through his closed eyelids.

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Music made its way over to him, the sweet notes of loving hands caressing the keys of a piano floating through the air. Richie couldn't help but to open his eyes and follow the noise, determined to find who else was out there with him. He chased the notes through the forest, playing a strange game of hide and seek.

By the time he came upon the piano in the woods, he was panting and desperately trying to catch his breath. The music stopped, a man standing to get a better look at him. Richie couldn't help but to think that even in complete darkness, this was the most beautiful person he'd ever laid eyes on. He couldn't seem to catch his breath, though it wasn't because he'd been running around anymore.

"Who the hell are you?" Okay, so he was a very beautiful, very pissed off person.

"Richie Tozier, I live about a mile away." He thought that no instrument would ever come close to this man's voice. "Sorry, I'm used to this place being kinda barren."

"Do you come here often?"

"For bad pickup lines like that, I'll come by every night if I have to."

The man inhaled deeply. "Look, I'm still getting used to this time zone. I'm tired and cranky, and I just want to play in peace."

"So you dragged a piano into the forest?"

"Uh," Quirking a brow, he pointed at the floor. "We're on my friend's deck, so I didn't really have to drag it that far."

“Oh. Right.” If it wouldn’t have made him look even stupider, he would have slapped himself straight across the face. He’d been so distracted, he hadn’t even noticed that he was probably trespassing. “Sorry about that. I’ll leave you to it.”

“Wait,” Stopping in his tracks, he slowly turned back to look at the guy. Gesturing for Richie to come over, he sat back down patted the seat next to him. “I’m doing a duet and nobody else is up to help. You already interrupted, you’re wide awake, so get your ass over here and do it with me.”

Richie never gave an answer, just walked over and plopped down next to him. Most would think that his warmth would be unbearable on a hot night like that, but he had no words for how perfect it was.

“Before we start, let me warn you that I can’t play the piano for shit.”

“Shocking.”

He manhandled Richie’s hands onto his, showing him what to do and where to go. In no time at all, they were playing soothing music that drifted off into the night. Eddie’s fingers flew across the keys, delicate and mesmerizing. Richie knew he sounded like an elephant stepping on different sized geese, but Eddie tried his best to stifle a beautiful laugh and told him he was fucking useless. It sounded at least a little affectionate.

“I’ve literally seen gerbils play the piano better than you do,” The man hissed.

“You see a lot of gerbils play the piano wherever you’re from, asshat?”

The man took Richie’s own hand and smacked him over the head with it, ignoring his indignant cry and going right back to playing as if nothing had ever happened.

“I’m from New York,” He said, closing his eyes and swaying along to the rhythm of the music. The way his lips parted just the smallest bit made Richie think about how they’d feel on his. “And my name’s Eddie, douchebag.”

“Alrighty, Eddie Spaghetti.”

“Call me that again and I’ll beat you over the head with this fucking chair.”

They only stopped when the sky began to brighten and steal the stars away. Too much, too little time had passed since their night began. Richie lifted his hands from the keys and smiled a quiet smile at the sun himself. So few hours had passed and already he knew that Eddie already owned his heart, and he might never even know.

“Looks like it’s time for me to head home,” Richie said, unable to hide the disappointment in his voice.

“This is totally hypothetical,” Eddie raised his eyes to meet Richie’s. “But I have another duet I’ve been wanting to work on and I don’t think I’ll be used to the time zone by tonight.”

“Oh, really?” Richie’s ears perked up. “What does that mean?”

“Are you really going to make me say it? Seriously?”

“Say what?” Raising his hands in surrender, he put on the most innocent look he had. “I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“In this hypothetical situation,” Eddie ground out through clenched teeth and a deadly glare. “You’d be welcome to come by again.”

Warmth bloomed in his chest, spreading through him and filling him with a buzzing sort of happiness that he hadn’t felt before. Grinning wide enough to make his cheeks hurt, he wondered what it would be like to hold Eddie’s hand again.

“See? That wasn’t that bad.”

“It was fucking agonizing,” Eddie said miserably, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I can’t believe I might have to see you again.”

“Nah, you’ll love me the more you get to know me.”

“Sure I will,” Squinting, Eddie looked up at the sun peeking through the clouds as if it’d personally attacked him. “You should probably go sleep.”

“You too.”

They both stood there for a solid minute, neither of them knowing what to do.

“I can’t go inside until you leave, dumbass. Go *home* ,” Richie loved the way Eddie yelled at him already.

Raising his hands in surrender, Richie waved and turned away, ready for his walk back to the house. He would be back tonight.

On his way back home, he walked with a skip in his step and his eyes wide open. Richie didn’t want to miss a thing.

### **Author's Note:**

I'm not sure if I want to leave this as is or if I should add more. What do y'all think?

I hope you guys enjoyed it! Please comment feedback, it helps keep me motivated and helps me know what you guys do and don't like!

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